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of his performance with his own imagination, and thus affords him every facility to read the actualities of the past, as if by the fabulous power of enchantment.

To effect all this requires a more than prosaic feeling, a faculty which enters into the spirituality of human action, and delineates all the finer shades of the human mind. From the actual, he passes to the ideal man; from the tenants of earth to those of a higher sphere: and, in doing this, he embodies conceptions springing out of mundane subjects, in forms of celestial purity.

We conclude, therefore, that pictorial mimicry has some high incentive, and that the genius of Art seeks out its votaries from among the choice spirits of every age of intellectual brightness.

We find that its fairest productions have become sacred monuments, and that where they have fallen beneath the withering touch of Time, their recollection still survives, and History still tells what the pencil has accomplished.

JAMES HENRY.

AN ARTIST'S ADVENTURE ON THE DANUBE.

A YEAR or more subsequent to the close of the Hungarian revolution, I was arrested by sickness, in a voyage down the Danube, and, resting at Pesth, placed myself in comfortable quarters and under good medical attendance. After a few days I recovered far enough to walk short distances in the city, and found exceeding pleasure in going along the quay, which was occupied as the market place and covered with immense piles of vegetables and fruits, in the midst of which sat and chattered the gay, picturesquely-dressed peasant women, with sheepskin jackets and bare heads, their browned and rugged faces scantily set off by ribbons. If at night their stock was not sold out, they spread their blankets over it, and lying on them, slept till morning, when they were on hand early.

The situation of Pesth, with the fortress of Buda opposite, is exceedingly picturesque. The city itself stands upon a level, but the mass of buildings composing the fortress, rises up the height of a considerable hill, while below, the Blocksberg rises boldly, and overhangs the rushing river, crowned by another fortress. All along the quay, several deep, were moored the produce-boats laden with fruit, vegetables, hay, wood, &c., &c. Many of the boats were gaily painted, and some even, still carried the Hungarian tricolor in stripes and bars along their sides. The walk by the quay then, presented all that was picturesque in the city, for the architecture of Pesth is of the plainest possible kind. When night came on, and the market's gaiety was gone, there was still an opportunity for some wonderful effects of light from the illuminated piles of architecture beyond the river, and this to an invalid was a something which served to good purpose in breaking up the monotony of impression received from a ten-days' confinement to my room, with no soul to converse to except the doctor, who spoke French.

One evening, later than usual, I walked down the quay, and as it was perfectly dark, not a star being visible, the effect of the reflections on the water was very vivid, and lured me to make a longer walk than

I had hitherto made, so as to bring the whole illuminated city and Buda into the view at once. The river is confined by a high dyke, along the top of which runs the high road, and down the side of which lead occasional paths for the use of those who unlade the boats. Down one of these paths I walked, and following the path at the water's edge some distance, sat down on a huge block of stone. Before me a thousand lights from the fortress, with the long lines of lamps by the quay and over the long suspension bridge which connects the city and Buda, blazed and trickled in wavering, zigzag lines across the swift water to my very feet. Here and there masses of partially illuminated buildings stole faintly out of the midnight gloom, relieving slightly the monotony, and far up the Danube, seen dimly and still more dimly, until they passed into the gloom, were scattered lights from the few houses by the river side.

After enjoying the scene as long as I cared to, I rose and followed the foot-path a little further, and then turned up the bank, determined to walk back by the road, when just as I reached the top, I heard the challenge of a sentinel, and discovered that I was opposite the guard-house, which formed the limit to the city in this direction. He was challenging some one nearer than I was, and I was too far off to hear the response. In an instant it flashed upon me that I was in a most uncomfortable fix—the city was in a state of siege, and I had passed the barrier and the armed sentry, at a later hour than suspicious personages were permitted to be abroad. I could see the sentry pacing to and fro by the lamp at the door of the guard-house, but I stood *under* the lamp at the opposite side of the road, and this and the darkness of the night saved me. I had to pass him again to re-enter the city, or else go still further off, and pass the night out in the open air, which was not an altogether advisable course for an invalid to pursue. I stole back as quietly as possible to the foot-path at the edge of the river, and commenced to pick my way back as stealthily as I had come carelessly. My heart began to throb fearfully, for I expected to hear the halloo each moment, and next the whiz of the musket ball, if, indeed, I was so fortunate as to have it pass me. What to say if called upon I could not conceive. I could speak a little German, but two chances to one the soldier couldn't speak that, and my only resource seemed to be, in case he saw me and hailed, to run for it, trusting to the chances of not being hit, and getting away unperceived in the darkness. Still turning the probabilities in my mind, I heard a shout in the direction of the guard-house, but disregarding it as if I had not heard it, I kept the same pace, hoping to get out of musket range of the post of the sentinel.

Another call and nearer! I must stop now, and, turning, saw the officer of the watch coming towards me, and sat down on a huge timber by the road-side. As he came nearer, I rose and walked towards him, until I stood full in the light of one of the lamps. Thought I, if there is to be a scrutiny, I stand a better chance in the light than I should in any additional mystery. He approached, wrapped in his grey cloak (it was a chilly September evening)

with the hood thrown over his head, and hiding his face in complete shadow. As he came close to me I could barely distinguish his eyes glaring out of the hood upon me, and he certainly presented as diabolical an exterior as I want to see on a dark night. My only sensation for the moment was, however, that of delight that the officer rather than the soldier had discovered me, for it was easier to reply to questions than to musket balls. This gave way, however, to the thoughts of what would probably be the consequence of an arrest at such a time, and in such exceedingly suspicious circumstances, and I, moreover, an American! I had some hope that he might be a disaffected man, and inclined to let me off from sympathy, but the tone of his voice unsettled this in a moment, as he asked me, gruffly and with a very authoritative air, "What are you doing here?" My voice trembled, and I felt as timid as a child, as I replied, with a very childish simplicity, "Nothing." I meant "nothing wrong," and as he looked at me again, and replied, skeptically, "Very fine—very fine," I began to fear that my chance for doing anything wrong again was very small. My heart was beating violently, and my voice diminished nearly to a whisper.

My physician had told me that only a few days before a friend of his had been arrested for some unknown reason, and instantly all clue to him was lost; and some they said had been missing for a year or more. I thought of it all then, and wished myself back at the "Szalloda Angiol Kiralyhoz," in my room, fast asleep. My fear increased rapidly in the few seconds before he spoke again, for I thought in the brief space of my chances—not having any friend who knew I was here, and the probability of ever being asked after, being very small; and when he did speak again, it was only to repeat his incredulous "very fine."

I then told him, stammeringly, and in very bad German, that I was an artist, and had been walking out by the river-side to see the sights—the effect of the lights on the water, and the illumination of the city. To the soldier these, doubtless, were poor attractions to call one from a comfortable room and cigar by the stove, to walk out into the chilly night, especially when it was of a pitchy darkness. It was a hard case, I confess—it had a *very* bad look. But I looked him in the eye firmly, as I told my "plain, unvarnished tale," and then I assured him that I was entirely ignorant of the existence of his post, and of there being any sentries about Pesth. I suspect that I *did* altogether seem very simple, and satisfied him that at least I had not wit enough to be a dangerous conspirator, and that the performance of his duty to his emperor did not require that he should imprison me for examination by a court-martial, with a chance of being shot or hung, if any suspicious or incomprehensible papers should be found in my baggage at the hotel. He was still undecided, however, when a fortunate blunder in my use of his vernacular threw him into a good-humored laugh, and I was safe. I intended to say to him that I was a stranger in the country, but used the plural of the noun "Fremden," instead of the singular "Fremde." My naive assertion that I was "a strangers" settled my case,

and he replied, "Ah, well! when you are a 'strangers' you must stay in the house. You may go," he added good humoredly; "but you had better take care that the police don't catch you, as they will not let you off as easy as I have." I thanked him with all the earnestness I was capable of expressing, and made my way as short as possible to my quarters. I don't believe though now, when I think of it, that he felt as savage as he looked when he first accosted me, for I always think of him as a perfect gentleman, and I took off my hat to him when we parted with as much respect as ever I did to my minister, or an older artist.

It seems a mere trifle now to look back upon, but I was weak and trembling all over with excitement, when I was released from my semi-arrest, and found myself, with a parched throat and hoarse voice, at the hotel. I have forgotten whether I took coffee or wine,—but one I found essential to restore my equilibrium.

"THE SKETCHER."

Pictor. I will endeavor to paint *this* scene, and call it Silence.

Sketcher. And mark the almost shrinking character it has—how many of the roots and branches appear to steal lowly and quietly across it, rather seeking the ground and its shelter, than shooting upward; all the upright lines are faint, such as of the larger trees, for they are mostly concealed by the immediate foliage. They stand apart and subordinate, like sombre mutes, the solemn stately guards that wait and watch in the shadowy distance of the banquet-hall the motion of the hand that is to call them to instant duty.

Pictor. Yes; faint as they are, rising from the ridge, they serve the purpose of protection, without intruding themselves. They are like the outer ranges of pillars in a solemn Grecian temple; you are just aware of their presence, their strength, and support, and that is all; they tend, therefore, to complete the repose. I shall not forget them.

Sketcher. What I should most fear in an artist who should select this subject, would be his *forbearance*. There is so great a fashion for strong contrast, for splashes of brown, and white, and yellow, too indiscriminately applied to all subjects; and then the spirit of rivalryship, in this doing something striking, leads to such daring attempts (I judge from the few of late years that have come under my eye), and the touching and retouching pictures on exhibition walls, till all the modesty they might have possessed on the easel at home is lost, and a meretricious glare given to them, that I doubt if an artist would not fear to trust a picture to the walls of an exhibition-room (outglaring even the outrageous and gaudy colors of the visitants)—I doubt if he would there trust a picture of so modest and unassuming a tone of color as this subject demands. Perhaps—nay, certainly, the picture would suffer by its company. This is undoubtedly an evil of Exhibitions.

Sketcher. And the eye loses its purer taste, by being too continually excited. The very judgment that should be cool, is in a state of fever. It is, indeed, a great loss if a public exhibition necessarily excludes a whole class of pictures, and the more to be regretted if they be of the *modest* cast. It is a loss, if it would exclude such a subject as this. Those who love pictures, and would patronize the Arts, should frequent the painters' rooms, see their works upon the easel, and not judge of them by comparisons they *ought* not to bear. This liberal practice would give the artist encouragement to think for himself, and to allow his genius freer scope, and to rise above the little competition for striking vanities.

Pictor. And I believe it will be generally found that the most modest pictures, those that strike least at first sight, are the best. The painter who will dare to keep himself within the sentiment of his subject, and abstain, for the sake of it, from the use of much of the power of his palette that would ambitiously serve to advertise it to the public gaze—as being impressed with the dignity of his Art, that he will not allow it to be subservient to a false taste that he condemns—this artist, as he keeps his genius unfettered, will alone reach the extent of his power.

Pictor. But would he live by his genius?

Sketcher. Certainly; he will probably in the end be the winner, and may do that which those who are servile cannot—he may command; and if he fail, he will gain something, however little—and genius is like love—better a little *with* it, than affluence without it. We often hear of genius depressed; there is a miserable pining pity for poor neglected genius. Genius wants it not—is at all times happy, though in its own way. Whenever I hear artists excuse their defects by throwing them on the public taste, they appear to me to admit a degrading servility, and I often think it is but to get rid of the trouble of defending the faults of which they are really enamored.

Pictor. I agree with you; the mind should be cultivated morally and intellectually, and then there would be shame to make such excuse. But are you quite sure genius cannot be depressed and wretched?

Sketcher. Genius may be depressed by circumstances that destroy the mind, and then it is gone. But as long as it *is* in the man, he is *not* wretched. His genius is Nature's ample dowry; it positively enriches him, for he would never enchain it. We may pity the possessor, who is unconscious that he requires our commiseration. As long as he *has* his genius, he walks the world with a talisman about him; his eyes and ears are blind and deaf to many things that surround him, and he may be in a vision of an El Dorado or Paradise.

Pictor. Wilson is always called poor Wilson; and I think Allan Cunningham, in his *Life of Wilson*, bewails his hard fate, and instances his painting his "Ceyx and Aleyone," for a pot of porter, and the remains of a Stilton cheese. Yet, doubtless, had he been an unhappy wretched man, he could not have had the *power* of painting it; that power charmed away the bitterness of poverty. Shall the imagination have a power to create, and not cater for its possessor? Shall it not, like the magician's lamp, conjure up the banquet of Aladdin, whose dishes were gold? They may not always be carried to an honest merchant, but still they are gold. Genius is a happy guest, let people say what they will about the wretchedness it often brings. It often, indeed, finds little in common with its feelings and sentiments, and looks to the world a misery it knows not. It is a happy guest within, furnishes hopes, dresses them as it pleases, awakens imaginations to supply what reality will not; and if things go not quite right in this stale world, cries Open Sesame, and a new one offers entrance to it. It has been often said that one half the world knows not how the other lives—and we may add—feels.

Sketcher. Once returning from a tour in Wales, I travelled outside a coach with a very intelligent, good sort of man, a manager of a large manufactory, and a preacher. He questioned me as to my business—where I had been. I told him simply, that I had been into Wales for the purpose of sketching. For what object, he demanded; for whom, and what payment did I receive from my employer? None, I told him; it was solely for my pleasure. He looked upon me with a kind of pity—lectured me on the sin of lying—was it probable that I would so toil, walk through such a coun-

try on foot, and take plans of other people's property, without remuneration, and for my pleasure? adding, and at the same time eyeing my stained sketching jacket, that it was a pity any one should condescend to affect to have means of independence, which he evidently had not. How could I be offended with the man? A taste for sketching—for pictures, had never come within his experience, nor could he conceive it. I was once tempted to sketch on a very cold day; a friend was with me, who, while I was so employed, walked hastily backwards and forwards at some distance to warm himself. A knot of people was collected around me, who pitied me, and pretty freely abused my friend for his cruelty in keeping me there in the cold, adding, that they knew well enough he would not do it himself. There can be no doubt they thought me a very unhappy man, and blessed themselves that they were not born to such drudgery.

Pictor. I believe there are many pity artists who ought to know better—but it is fatal for an artist to pity himself. There is something to admire in the professional pride of old Vestris, who introduced his son on the Parisian stage and to the public, with simply these words—"Maintain the dignity of your art."—*Blackwood*, 1833.

PATRIOTISM is a fine word. It fills the mouth; it inflates the speaker, carrying him up to the contemplation of a great idea. It is, moreover, a fine thing (when you can get it); but what, as far as the individual is concerned, does the adoption of his faculties on this great sentiment amount to? Simply this: the effect of that tyranny which a great idea exercises over the mind of man. Men devote themselves to great ideas, and it is well they should do so; they are the martyrs of humanity, to whom all honor! But it is no free choice of theirs; it is the idea which seizes them, and uses them to its purposes; it is the spirit which hurries them impetuously onward, in whose grasp they are powerless. Tell the patriot or the apostle to give up his faith, to relinquish his endeavors to realize and propagate it—can he obey you? No. He himself is but the instrument in the hands of a greater.

Now patriotism (too often an uneasy pauperism), is not the only idea. Art, philosophy, and religion; these also grasp the fervent souls of men, and sacrifice them to their ends; to these also men devote themselves; these also demand their martyrs; and men cheerfully obey, cheerfully relinquish all that the world can offer them of soft seductions, luxurious idleness, or blessed affections, and endure silent poverty, sleepless nights, pale anguish and discomfiture—all for the great idea to which they devote themselves. Each is right in his own path—sincerity and self-sacrifice are ever sublime; and as we do not exclaim against the patriot, "Away, driveller, you are no artist!" so neither should we exclaim against the artist, "Away, egotist, you are no patriot!" Each obeys the laws of his own nature.—*British and Foreign Review*.

FIRST we hear of Nature, and the imitation thereof; then we suppose a beautiful nature. We must choose; but still the best; but how to recognize it? according to what standard shall we choose? and where is the standard then? is not it also in Nature?—*Goethe*.

HE who would write or dispute about Art at the present time, ought to have some notion of what Philosophy has accomplished in our day, and is still accomplishing.—*Goethe*.

HE who would dispute, should make cautious use of the occasion, to say things that cannot be disputed.—*Goethe*.

IT is as hard to learn a thing from models, as from Nature.—*Goethe*.